# The Birds are Singing by Kiku_Takamoto

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**Summary:**

Stevie unexpectedly goes into labor with her and Billie's twins at 35 weeks.

Sequel to my other fic: Midnight Cravings

# 1. Labor Pains

**Author's Note:**

WARNING:

Slight labor inaccuracies

**4:05 AM – 1994**

The August weather was still warm and in full effect, for Stevie however she felt hot flashes hit her body hard that night. Whether it was her imagination or not, she knew for sure the dull pain she felt in her back was most certainly not her imagination. By now her back problems were the least of her worry, now the sudden added weight she felt on her pelvis was making her already racing heartbeat faster.

Looking back, she had been sore all that week. More sore than what her pregnant body would normally dish out to her.

Then a trust of sudden pain overtook her body. It was shooting pain she never experienced before. With that flash of white pain came the liquid that traveled down her leg and into the sheets. Stevie's heart stopped.

*"N-No! it can't be time yet!"*

Suddenly, everything began t make more sense about today. The small rush amounts of pain she felt weren't abrupt jerks that were all part of the package of being pregnant with twins. She had gone into early labor, and she, a trained surgical nurse, had been none the

wiser.

Stevie had no time to think or plan her next move, she allowed the moan to escape her lips as the adraline she felt moments ago was wearing off, and the pain her body was producing was finally being felt.

Her wife next to her slowly woke up from her groggily sleep, “Stevie? Everything aright?”

“No!’ Stevie cried, her knuckles turned white rivaling the white sheets in her grasp, ‘My back hurts so much and I feel like I’m- ah!”

The tired blonde moved around freezing at the wet spot she felt on the bed. Everything she had heard from the birthing classes repeated loudly in her head, it was all too familiar. That’s all it took for Billie to wake up fully from her sleep, “Shit … oh, shit! Shit!”

Stevie thrusted her head back screaming, “Fuck!”

Billie was afraid, her fear now could only be rivaled by the fear she felt that night the Mind Flayer nearly killed her and Stevie. But this fear was different, her life wasn’t in danger. This time it was her wife’s and unborn twins that were in danger. And there was nothing she could do to help to the pain away.

“Stevie, you can’t be in labor, you're only thirty five weeks along!”

“My water broke! I have twins, twins are more likely to be preterm-“

“I’m calling the damn hospital,’ Billie announced rushing over to the nearest phone to call the medical center Stevie worked at. They both decided to go to that hospital purely for the fact that Stevie knew the staff and wasn’t comfortable with giving birth around total strangers.

The instruction the nurse on the phone made Billie’s heart flutter. They couldn’t go to the hospital yet. Not yet at least. It was not news Billie wanted to give but she would be damned if she left Stevie alone for long.

‘Sorry pretty girl, hospital said to wait a little bit. We need the contractions to be closer together and to use you fingers to feel for –“

“Uterus tightening,’ Stevie breathed out deeply, laying back down on her side, ‘I know I’m a surgical nurse.”

Billie cocooned behind her, slowly rubbing her back and legs as the pain ripple din her wife's body. She didn't show it outwardly, but Billie was fuckin terrified.

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**10:08 AM**

It was six hours later. The contractions weren't going away, they were only getting closer. Now Stevie was barely twenty minutes apart, and her contractions weren't going away. They were getting more and more intense. Between the clenching of her uterus and the dull pain that impacted her pelvis, Stevie felt like she was waiting for relief that never come.

"Oh my god!" Stevie wailed. The sixty seconds of pain felt like lifetime for her. Billie gathered her car keys and packed her car with the baby's car seats in the garage of their recently purchased house before returning to Stevie, who was still breathing rapidly on their bed.

"Stevie? babe? We are going to the hospital,' Billie grunted silently at lifting Stevie off the bed and into their car, 'Come on, let's get you and your pretty girl butt up- oh fuck, you're heavy-"

"Excuse me?" Stevie growled, any trace of patience and warmth she had in voice was gone. Billie knew at that moment to keep her mouth shut, she was no fool, she knew Stevie of all people could swing a baseball with nails better than any player in the major ledges. She didn't want to know how much enhanced strength Stevie would get from her labor pains.

"Nothing, sweet cheeks.'

Billie carefully opened the passenger car door helping Stevie get settled in, it took all herself control to hide the panic she felt boiling in her.

‘OK, let's get you nice and cozy. I’m just going to grab your hospital bag, ok?”

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**10:43 AM**

It had been fifteen minutes since the last contraction, Billie thought they could make it before the next one, “I’m sorry babe, we are almost a the hospital -“

Too bad her wishes never came true.

“Ahh!” Stevie screamed. Her petite hands gripped the seat so hard her fingers lost tall traces of blood. Billie rubbed Stevie’s shoulders gently, shushing her sweaty tired wife.

The two surfer dudes in the car next to her stared at the two as if it was a shocking documentary on National Geographic. Billie grit her teeth, “The fuck are you looking at, assholes?”

The two guys stared away from them in an instant.

“Just drive!” Stevie barked. The angered look on her face was more then enough to make Billie drive. Billie secretly wondered if her wife was bipolar or if hormones were powerful enough to a woman’s personality in one swoop of pain. As she drove not the hospital

parking lot an unseen enemy hit the bottom of the car; a speed bump.

“OH!” Stevie screamed, panting deeply in an attempt to lessen the new pain.

“Shit! Stupid, stupid speed bump!’ Billie turned to Stevie, about to rub her shoulder, ‘Babe, I’m so sorry-“

“Don’t touch me! Get me to the damn entrance, now!”

No sooner then she parked, Billie got out grabbing the hospital bag before helping her wife out of the car, “Come on, princess. Let take a small walk.”

Stevie didn’t fight back as she moaned and groaned across the parking lot. Billie ignored the other people in the parking lot as she walked herself and Stevie across, inching closer to the hospital where the most beautiful site met Stevie’s eyes; a staff nurse with a wheelchair. A small invitation to take away at least some discomfort.

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**11:12 AM**

“What do you mean I'm not dilated enough?!”

She had only been in her bed for twenty minutes and already wanted to go into the surgical room, birthing room or wherever else she could get the two babies out of her. Thankfully, one of her friends from a different nursing department, Agnes, was unaffected by her screams, shouts and pain induced insults, Billie could tell the nurse had seen some shit before. Stevie was not her first or last screaming mother to be.

The experienced nurse sighed heavily, “Stevie, you are barely dilating at all. As a fellow nurse and Lamaze class student, you already know that twins can take up to twelve hours to become ten centimeters-"

“No! No! It’s been like seven, almost eight hours! I’m in pain every ten min- AH!”

Stevie screamed and wailed continually for over a minutes before finally panting out in relief as the pain subsided.

“Whoa, that one was seven minutes, ninety seconds, ” another nurse observed, writing something down on her chart.

“Labor is progressing, but dilation is not,’ Agnes stated silently, gently opening up Stevie’s legs to look for dilation progress. Her eyebrows knitted in silent worry, ‘Let me check the positions of the babies. Rachel, can you please note this down for me?“

Billie watched in anticipation at the nurses checking the babies. She leaned down kissing the side of Stevie sweating face. Stevie sat still, too nervous that even the slightest movement could impact or hurt her babies. Finally, the nurses put the blanket back down.

“Twin A is buttocks first and is the closet to the birth canal, twin B is head down,” Agnes noted. Stevie nodded slowly, understanding the new information, however Billie felt out of the lop. What did this mean?

“So now what?” Billie inquired.

“For now, we will check if for any progress on her dilation. But with one twin being in a breeched position and closest to the birth canal, this can cause fetal stress. If that happens, we have to consider other options-“

## 2. Meeting the Twins

**Summary for the Chapter:**

Stevie and Billie meet their twins.

**11:15 AM**

“C-Section?” Stevie asked, as if saying the word itself was a curse.

Today was already not going how she wanted. Rationally, she knew her chances of C-Section were high due to her carrying multiples, not dilating, being petite, one twin being breeched and on top of that her contractions were getting closer. Personally, however, she was petrified. Even years of nursing later, the thought of a C-Section scared the hell out of her. It was one thing to watch one, it was a whole other thing to be the one under the knife.

“Yes,’ the nurse pointed at one part of Stevie belly, ‘One of the babies is breeched, you are not dilating anymore and on top of that you are a petite woman. All these variables together could bring stress to both you and your babies. At this point the safest option for you and your babies is C-Section.”

Hearing her babies were in danger was all it took for Stevie to ignore her own fear.

“Ok … ok,” Stevie breathed out, quietly consenting to the surgery. To Billie, Stevie looked more akin to someone admitting defeat.

“I’ll be back in a little bit. I’m going to speak with the surgeon to see what his opinion is,” with that the nurse left the room leaving the couple alone to contemplate the next step they would have to take.

Billie leaned in closer, using her free hand to rub the back of Stevie neck, “Stevie, what do you think?”

The exhausted brunette smiled willowy at Billie.

“I don’t care, I already look like Shamu,” she joked, trying to relieve herself from the nerves that built inside of her. On the inside, she felt the opposite.

Billie could sense the inner turmoil with ease, “You’re ok with C-Section, no natural birth?”

That when Billie nearly saw the dam break. Tears stated gathering in the brown eyes she loved so much.

“I feel like a failure. I can’t even give birth correctly-“

“Stop,’ Billie cooed, moving to gently massage the bulging belly, ‘You carried two babies around for eight months. That no little thing, princess. You're always a rockstar in my eyes.”

Stevie didn’t speak for a few seconds. She gave Billie a small nod, “Yes … I’ll be ok. But can you do me a favor?”

“Anything, princess,” Stevie reached up to touch Billie’s chest, which was partially bare thanks to the deep neckline.

“When they allow it, can take your top off and press one of the babies against your skin? Do skin to skin? Create a bond?”

Billie nodded slowly, kissing Stevie’s sweaty brow before landing a few more pecks on her face earning giggles form her wife.

“My first mommy duty huh- oh God. I’m going to be a mom. An actual mom,” Stevie quirked an eyebrow. Had she been Billie would be like this back in 1984 she would have laughed in that person’s face. Hell, she would have never guessed or believed she would be building a life with Billie at all.

“You think?”

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**1:15 PM**

“AH!”

Stevie had all but given up on her attempts to hide her screams. She didn’t care if she was scaring potential mothers in the making.

Screaming and nearly breaking Billie's hand were the only things satisfying her at the moment.

She also secretly hated her coworkers at the moment, they were all smiles and happy with her progress. Meanwhile her back was slowly killing her right in front of them. She didn't care how many people looked between her legs; she wanted her babies out.

Speaking of which another nurse came over to examine her, "Ok Stevie, I'm going to check you again, ok?"

As the nurse looked around, she paused looking between the monitor and Stevie.

Billie felt her nerves get the better of her, "What's wrong?"

"One of the babies has a changed heart rate,' Stevie felt her pain turn into fear, 'This is a sign of-"

"Fetal stress,' Stevie finished, breathing in and out rapidly, 'Give me the surgery- AH!"

Stevie grabbed the nearest thing, which happened to be Billie's hand. Billie let out a pained grunt as she tried to soften the tightened grip that threatened to block any blood flow from ever entering again.

"Babe! Babe!? You're crushing my good hand!" she cried out. Had it

not been for the situation Billie would have gawked in amazement at Stevie, the less muscle toned brunette showed strength Billie had never witnessed before.

*“Does childbirth give women super strength or what?”*

Billie secretly betted that her pregnant wife in pain would have easily defeated the Mind Flayer single handedly. Hell, she might ask for medical treatment after this.

“Get me to the damn surgery room!” Stevie wailed. No one in the room made any move to disagree with her.

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**1:35 PM**

“Ok Stevie, we will be injecting the epidural now. Are you ready?”

Stevie nodded slowly, she was tired, but she knew she couldn’t sleep even if she wanted to. The only thing comforting her know was seeing Billie in front of her, who looked almost as rough she did from the lack of sleep and volume of anxiety.

Billie caressed Stevie’s cheek, “You ok, pretty girl?”

“I’ve never felt so unpretty in my life,” Stevie deadpanned. Billie chuckled, gently dabbing the sweat from Stevie’s brow.

“Your always pretty to me, princess.”

The sweet moment was interrupted by Stevie’s scrunched face as the needle slowly made its way into her spine.

“Hmm,’ Stevie moaned quietly, Billie gripped onto Stevie’s arms as she watched her wife’s face change from pained, to small relief then back to pain, ‘Oh … fuck …”

“You, ok?”

“I’m in so much pain a needle going through my back feel like a walk in the park,” Billie laughed dryly. It made her feel relieved knowing that Stevie wasn’t going to be in so much pain (and that her hand wasn’t going to be crushed under iron grip anymore).

“Ladies, we will be ready for the surgery shortly. Billie, I have some scrubs I need you to put on, Stevie the nurses are going to fit you with oxygen, a catheter and bicittra for the procedure,” Billie got up, leaning down to kiss Stevie before turning to follow the nurse.

“I’ll be back,” she promised. Stevie smiled, feeling the drugs taking her over.

“Ok.”

She was so close, yet so far.

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**2:08 PM**

Soon Billie was dressed in scrubs from her head down to her feet, between being sleep deprived and in pain, Stevie wanted to sleep so badly. But more than anything, she badly wanted to meet her babies.

“We’re getting ready to rock and roll, sweet cheeks,” Stevie barely kept her eyes open when she met eye to eye with her wife after scrub change. Billie was completely covered in scrubs, only her eyes were visible.

“Yeah,” Stevie whispered, unbothered by the movement below her. Her body from the chest down was numb, she had no strength to fight back. Not even as the doctors set up the curtain separating her and Billie from viewing the actual cutting of stomach. Even the small pressure she felt from her stomach being rubbed didn’t startle her.

“Ok, Stevie. We’re going to give you some oxygen so there is increased oxygen to your babies, let me know if you’re uncomfortable, ok?” A doctor instructed. Stevie could tell she was smiling behind her mask as she fitted Stevie’s nose and mouth with the oxygen mask.

The next few seconds (or minutes?) felt numb to Stevie. Billie sat next to her as nurses and surgeons worked on Stevie's abdomen, between Billie's words and the scuffling of the medical staff Stevie felt completely lost in her own thoughts.

Then she heard the most beautiful sound. A baby's cry. Her baby's cry.

"We have baby one! And it is ….' Billie and Stevie gripped each other's hands tightly before the surgeon yelled, 'A girl!"

Stevie laughed feeling tears roll down her face, Billie patted Stevie's hand, the excitement she felt was so much she couldn't stand to hold still.

"It's a girl, pretty girl. Looks like I was right," Billie teased. Stevie smiled lightly at the baby's continued cries that filled the room as she was weighed, cleaned and measured.

"What does she look like?" Stevie asked. Billie looked up eyeing their daughter for any distinctive features.

"Can't really tell, but her hair its blonde … I think. It's hard to tell, you know. She's covered in-"

"We got one more baby!' Stevie gripped Billie's hand again feeling a

small amount of pleasure leave her body once again. A new cry filled the room, ‘Another girl!”

“Let’s do it again,” Stevie giggled. Earning laughs from some of the staff members.

Billie shook her head, either her wife was really drugged or was her regular self, she couldn’t tell at the moment, “No more babies, pretty girl.”

A few nurses approached the couple, “Want to see your babies, ladies?”

Without waiting for an answer, the two women were handed their babies. One with cap ‘A’ was wailing her lungs out while baby ‘B’ was as a cool as cucumber. Stevie took the wailing twin, who calmed down the moment she was on her mom’s chest. Billie felt more tears run down her face. She saw herself and Stevie in the girls instantly. Despite the girls not having her DNA directly, she knew they were hers just as much as they were Stevie’s.

“They’re perfect,’ Billie whispered, she leaned over to Stevie who smiled none-stop at the baby in her arm, ‘Thank you, Stevie.”

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**2:40 PM**

“They need to be in NICU?”

Those words already hurt Billie’s soul. She knew all about NICU. The few times she did hear about NICU was through Stevie. every time Stevie even danced around the topic, she would start crying. The descriptions she gave were brief but never failed to be heartbreaking. Babies born at 27 weeks, babies born to heroin addict, babies with blindness or hearing loss, all the critical cases went to NICU. Her twin girls were now going to be taken to the same place all the sick babies wen to.

Billie felt like she was already failing Stevie and her daughters. Did she stress Stevie out during her pregnancy? Was she too relaxed in allowing Stevie midnight sweets?

The doctor read her thoughts like a book, “Billie? This is not yours or Stevie’s fault. Almost all twins got to NICU.’

The doctor’s kind words did nothing to deflate Billie’s worry.

He patted Billie’s shoulder gently, ‘it’s a precaution, your twins are premature, and weigh 3.5 and 3.8 pound respectively. But they passed all their other exams and despite the concern over the irregular heart rates your girls are showing promising health results.’

That made Billie smile a little bit. But her worry remained.

‘We’ll let you know when you can see the girls. Stevie should be done with surgery soon.”

Billie nodded slowly, “Ok, I’ll be in the waiting room.’

She grinned remembering who else she called the moment Stevie’s water broke.

‘I think I have company waiting for us.”

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**2:58 PM**

Billie wasn’t wrong. As soon as she entered the waiting room, she was bombarded by visitors, visitors she didn’t even know were coming. Her sister, El, her husband Mike, Lucas and Will had all shown up within the six to nine hours she informed them. She didn’t even question how they were able to get out from Indiana, Illinois and New York all the way to San Diego so easily.

What did she notice was Nancy, Jonathan, Dustin, Joyce, Hopper and Robin were all absent. Then again, she hadn’t expected them till later on.

“Billie?’ Max looked like a bat out of hell, she looked as stressed and exhausted as Billie, ‘Billie, h-how is Stevie?”

“She’s getting stitched back up,” Everyone’s eyes widened. El was the first to break the silence.

“Stitched- wait that’s means … the babies?”

Billie nodded, her grin seemed to light both room and the groups own smiles. Even Mike gave a small smile at seeing the new mom smile.

“I am officially the mom of two little ladies,” Billie boosted proudly. The room was filled with a mixture of cheers and … groans?

“Girls?!” Lucas gawked, looking more disappointed then happy. Meanwhile Mike was cheering.

“Ha, pay up!”

Billy gapped at them as Lucas handed over his money, “You dipshits bet on our babies genders?”

Mike already started building a defense, Lucas, like the smart man he is, stayed silent, “Oh. come on. It’s not we bet one whether she would have a C-Section or-“

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence-‘ Mike stopped on the spot. He

knew better then to piss off a tired Billie, hell, he knew not to piss her off in general. Billie gave a deep breathe before continuing on, ‘Anyways, we had two girls-“

El stepped forward, “Can we see them?”

Billie shook her head.

“Sorry nerds, I’m letting anyone see the girls until Stevie can,” the room was filled with groans and mutters of quiet agreement.

Max stepped closer to Billie; Billie quirked her head curiously at her. Before she knew it, Max gave Billie a giant hug. Billie warmly welcomed her, the emotions she felt were so overwhelming yet so welcoming. Max separated from exchanging the same happy look, “Can we at least know their names?”

Billie’s smile didn’t vanish, not even she shook her head.

“Again, we wait on pretty girl,” she declared. No one in the room said a word, they knew she would not change her mind. Before anyone could gauge anymore questions or requests a surgeon approached the group.

“Billie Hargrove?’ Billie nodded walking up to the surgeon anxiously, the man smiled brightly at the nervous new mom, ‘Stevie is out of surgery, she wants to see you.”

Billie followed the man before shouting back, “I shall be back, nerds.”

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**3:04 PM**

Stevie’s smile was the first thing Billie saw when entered the room, but their two daughters were both absent. Billie hid her worry, she knew now was the time to worry, she had to stay strong for Stevie.

Billie sat down next to Stevie, “Hey, pretty girl. How you feeling?”

Stevie smiled. Even with tubes up her nose and looking like she just ran a marathon, she was till breath taking for Billie to look at. Knowing that she was responsible for bringing their two daughters into the world made Stevie’s 100 times more beautiful in Billie’s eyes.

“Tired … where are my girls?”

Billie hesitated, she did not want to tell Stevie about NICU.

“Just checking on them pretty girl, they’ll be here,’ the door opened abruptly, what Billie and Stevie saw enter the room was the most beautiful sight ever, two nurses with two light pink cribs, ‘Soon.”

The first nurse approached the couple with the first cradle, “Would you two like to see your babies?”

Both women nodded, neither saying a word as the nurse leaned down carefully removing the burrito wrapped cargo from her crib. The nurse gave the first twin with a cap marked ‘B’ to Stevie who was helped up by Billie as she took the small bundle to her bare chest. Before they knew it, the other baby was being passed to Billie, who had a cap bearing the letter ‘A’.

That was when Billie saw the medical chart on the baby’s crib, reading the content on the chart suddenly gave the last few hours so much context.

Billie gently tapped the baby’s nose playfully, who was calm and cooing on the warm tan skin, “So you’re the one who wasn’t cooperating. You didn’t want to come out, huh? You’re already a mama’s girl.”

Stevie wanted to roll her eyes, but she was too hypnotized by the cooing in her chest to care about any jokes Billie made.

“Oh my God. Billie, they’re so tiny,’ she whispered, the grin on her face was so big her cheek began to strain under the overuse of her muscles.

The water in her eyes began to blur vison as soon as she saw the baby in her arm blink from her slumber, ‘One of them is opening their eyes.”

Brown eyes meet the two women.

“They have your eyes,” Billie grinned. When she saw the brown eyes, she saw Stevie. Billie was falling in love all over again.

Stevie leaned in closer to Billie, she carefully lifted the cap to see the little girls hair. Her grin was almost impossibly bigger, “And your hair.”

One of the nurses took pictures for the two new patents while the other approached the couple with pen and paper in her hands

“Do we have names for our newest patients?”

Billie and Stevie looked at each both exchanging the largest grins on their faces before turning to the nurse. Stevie nudged Billie playfully.

“Billie, why don’t you do the honors?”

Billie grinned at Stevie before meeting eyes the nurse ready to mark down their daughters names for their birth certificates.

“Our daughters names are –“

## 3. Baby Fever

**Summary for the Chapter:**

> Max, El, Lucas and Mike meet the twins. Stevie and Billie realize one couple has a serious case of baby fever.

**3:25 PM**

"Can we invite my sister and the others in? I think their pacing enough to make a dent in the waiting room," the nurse smiled, promptly fulfilling the request.

A minute hadn't even passed when the group came in. Stevie and Billie quirked their eyebrows at the four new visitors, it was obvious they all but ran to their room.

"Hey shitbird, and others' Max rolled her eyes, though she looked too happy to be genuinely annoyed by her sister, 'Here are the most beautiful creations ever made."

Max and El didn't hesitate to approach the couple in held back excitement. Lucas and Mike stayed back, both looking too scared to come any closer. As if moving another foot would endanger the girls' lives. It was almost comical to Billie.

*"The nerds are scared of two girls who don't even weigh ten pounds together? I can't wait to shit on them for this."*

Billie carefully moved baby ‘B’ into Max’s arm who gladly accepted the small bundle before sitting down on the nearest couch, the new mom couldn’t help but grin at Max’s reaction. It relieved Billie to see Max already so comfortable around her daughters. Next to her Stevie gave El baby ‘A’, El’s smile almost out did Max’s as she took her seat.

“Pretty,” she whispered.

Stevie beamed in pride. Watching two girls she used to babysit holding her own babies gave her a feeling of … wholeness. She knew she, Billie and everyone in their lives had some much in store for the two girls, the good memories and moments would grow from here on out.

“Billie, they’re so small,’ Max was amazed that something so tiny was showing so much interest in her already, ‘What are their names?”

Stevie darted her eyes to Billie, Max felt a mixture between worry and eagerness at what her sister’s next words would be.

Billie smiled pointing at Max, “Camelia Maxine Hargrove.’

Max stared at Billie and Stevie in awe, before looking down at the baby her bore her name as her own. The change from adornment to shock to happiness was one of the fastest transitions of emotion Billie had ever seen her sister showcase. Billie nodded towards her direction in silent confirmation, she then meet eyes with El, whose smile became even bigger, ‘And her sister, Emilia Robin Hargrove.”

El and Max cherished the little sleeping girls in their arms even more now that they had names. Stevie and Billie watched the new visitors in quiet bliss, it made them feel better knowing that their daughters already a network of support lined up. Their girls would always be well taken of no matter what happened to them.

"They are Cam and Mia for short," Stevie added. She grinned at El, she had the look. The look she knew from anywhere, it was the baby fever look. The look she had when she decided she wanted a baby. The look that told Billie she wanted a baby before Stevie even opened her lips.

"They're both pretty, both tiny," El stared at the tiny baby's fingernails in pure astonishment. It astonished her that Stevie could make something so beautiful, so innocent, so … small. Unknown to her Mike was behind her, looking almost hypnotized by the baby in his wife's arms. That was the moment Stevie made an important connection. Both El and Mike had baby fever.

They weren't beaming in silent bubbly excitement at the new baby being a product of Billie and Stevie, they were beaming at the thoughts and feelings holding the baby brought to them. El Stevie could understand, Mike on the other hand was someone she never imagined being the type.

*"He's the last person I would ever except to develop baby fever."*

Then again, Stevie wasn't surprised. El had the ability to make Mike do and feel things no one else could. Very much like her with Billie.

"Yeah, we got our wish," Stevie chuckled. Billie grinned walking over

to her wife to hold her hand without taking her eyes off her daughters.

“But two times over,” she added, earning a peck on the cheek from Stevie.

Mike licked his lips nervously, hesitantly asking, “Can I hold one of them?”

Everyone looked at him in surprise. Stevie gently nudged Billie to comply, before Billie could object or ensue in an argument, Stevie gave her ‘the look’. There were very things Billie was scared of, getting on her soft spoken wife bad side was one of them. It took a lot to make Stevie mad, but once she was mad there was hell to pay.

Billie begrudgingly got up, walking towards El and Mike.

“Sure, but if you drop her, I’ll have to commit murder.”

“Billie,” Stevie scolded.

That’s all it took for Billie to stop.

“Ok, ok,’ she went over to El, carefully removing Mia from her arms. Mia whined slightly at the loss of warmth but calmed the moment she saw it was her mommy moving her. Billie leaned down kissing her on the cheek, Mia cooed happily at the cool lips, ‘That’s my girl,

Mommy's gotcha.'

Mike sat in the place of El, carefully accepting the fragile life in his arms. His heart raced the moment the little girl was comfortably in his arms.

'Make sure you hold her head, there you go. Now, stay where you are," Billie instructed, any warmth that she had voiced to her daughter was gone with her stern warning. Mike looked totally ingrained at the baby in his arms. Almost like he was mentally taking every note to protect the fragile being in his arms, almost like … he was placing himself in the shoes of Stevie and Billie: new parents. El locked eyes with Mike who in turned gave his wife a grin.

Billie, Stevie, Lucas and Max all exchanged looks, their thoughts were all collectively the same, *"We're going have new company pretty soon."*

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**4:16 PM**

The party had gone back to their hotel rooms for the evening, getting last minute flights and anxiously awaiting in the waiting room left little room for actual sleep. Max fought to stay with Billie and Stevie, after some persuasion (and battling her own lack of sleep) she left, but she swore she would be back as soon as her body allowed it. She refused to miss a moment with her nieces. As much as Billie wanted to join them, she refused to abandon Stevie for a few more hours of sleep.

During another regular check up on the twins and Stevie, the couple expected no more surprises for the rest of the day. Lady luck however had an agenda against the two women.

“Billie …. Your shirt. Its wet,” the nurse and Billie looked at her in bafflement. Billie subconsciously lifted her fingers to her shirt to feel the fabric against her skin, what she felt next shocked her. She felt moisture, *warm*moisture leave her chest.

“What the fuck?” Billie was transfixed on the warm liquid. Wondering if she was either dreaming or if the lack of sleep was finally catching up to her. Stevie’s nurse left her side to look at Billie.

Stevie squinted her eyes at Billie, it was then she noticed things about her wife’s chest she didn’t notice before.

“Billie … are your lactating?”

Billie allowed the nurse to exam her breasts before turning to Stevie, she nodded her head confidently.

“She is,” Stevie’s jaw dropped. Billie barely registered accepting the towel and hospital gown the nurse gave to her as she stripped out of her soiled shirt and freed her breasts from her now too small bra (that she only noticed till now).

She touched the liquid, staring at it pure amazement, “But I had a hysterectomy … I can’t believe it. It actually worked-“

Stevie tilted her head at her wife.

“What worked?

Billie barely looked at Stevie for a moment. The brunette had a hard time determining whether her wife was feeling guilt, nervous or both.

“Stevie, I ... I visited a doctor to try and lactate,’ Stevie’s eyes widened, ‘I wanted to be part of the process, pretty girl. I can’t let you be going around and doing all the work. I want to wake up at 3 AM crying and- fuck, I sound stupid.”

Billie stopped abruptly trying to calm her nerves.

She looked back up at Stevie to a big smile with a matching pair of warm brown eyes staring at her with the same amount of love and joy. Before either woman could speak, a small whinny cry filled the room. Both women looked at the owner of the cries before meeting again, both shared the same smirk.

“Can you start now?”

“You don’t need ask twice; princess, ’ Billie reassured smoothly, already walking over to the crib. Mia stopped crying the moment Billie took her out and lifted her to the enlarged breast.

‘Come on, little lady’ Billie soothed softly at the baby as she latched onto the nipple without hesitation. Stevie watched the exchange with stars in her eyes, ‘Let’s give Mama a break.’

Billie ignored the soreness in her breast from her bra’s restriction in exchange for rubbing her daughters back, watching her receive nutrition, it filled her with joy knowing she was just as involved in her daughter growth and health as Stevie was.

‘I don’t think a few more pounds will hurt ya,” her daughter looked up at her as if soaking in every word her Mommy was saying.

From her bed Stevie never took her eyes off his wife and daughter. She felt herself falling love with Billie all over again. Their daughters were only a few hours old, and they were already bringing out the best in everyone they meet.